I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takeſt
As from my death-bed my laſt liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good night, to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And ſende the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the ſenceleſſe brands will ſimpathy
The heauie accent of thy mouing tongue,
And in compaſsion weepe the fire out;
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome cole blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the minde of *Bullingbrooke* is changde,
You muſt to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.
King. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcendes my throne,
The time ſhall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule ſinne gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which knowſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kinges, vvill knovv againe,
Being nere ſo litle vrgd another vvay,
To plucke him headlong from the vſurped throne.
The loue of vvicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To vvorthy danger and deſerued death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you muſt part foorthwith.
King. Doubly diuorc't, (bad de men) you violate

Line 2 sometimes—. 4 thy last—.
6 the tales—. 8 griefs. 11 sympathize—.
29 will know—.

A twofold mariage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me, and my maried wife.
Let me vnkiſſe the oath betwixt thee and me:
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſſe t'was made,
Part vs *Northumberland*, I towards the North,
Where ſheuering cold and ſickneſſe pines the clime:
My Wife to France, from whence ſet foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither, like ſweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or ſhortſt of day.
Queen. And muſt we be deuided? muſt we part?
King. I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from he
Queene. Baniſh vs both, and ſend the King with me.
King. That were ſome loue, but litle policie.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.
King. So two togither weeping, make one woe;
Weepe for me in France, I for thee heere,
Better farre off then neere be neare the neere:
Goe count thy way with ſighes, I mine with groanes.
Queene. So longeſt way ſhall haue the longeſt moane
King. Twiſe for one ſtep Ile grone, the way being ſho
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in griefe:
One kiſſe ſhall ſtoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart:
Queene. Giue me my owne againe, twere no good part
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane.
King. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adew, the reſt let ſorrow ſay. *Exeu*

Enter Duke of Yorke and the Ducheſſe.

Duc. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtory,
Of our two Coſins comming into London.
Yorke. Where did I leaue?
Duc. At that ſad ſtop my Lord,

Line 1 that ~~thou~~ my crowne—. 3 tw
16 Weep thou for—. 34 story of—.